

Remember

by Moonlight and Ashes

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Summary: "reÂ·memÂ·ber /rĒ™Ē^membĒ™r/ 1. have in or be able to bring to one's mind an awareness of (someone or something that one has seen, known, or experienced in the past)." [Sizzy, twoshot, post-CoHF]

Remember

**\*\*Remember\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Hello! :) I'm back! And I have very important news. This is not a drill. Malec is CANON! I repeat, Malec. Is. Canon. :D :D :D This is NOT a drill. :) Yep, you just heard that right. Book fans, I do realize they've been canon for the last three books. I'm talking about Shadowhunters TV, the show, now. Last week's episode was literally titled Malec. Three guesses about what happened. ;) (Yeah, of course than Camille had to come and be her usual psycho self and mess with people's heads... :/ She needs to learn what a breakup means...) Anyway... skimming over that! I'm genuinely really happy, I've gotten really invested in show!Malec now. Matt Daddario and Harry Shum Jr, you guys are awesome, we all love you!

**\*\***

**\*\*Anyway. That escalated fast. I need to write shorter A/Ns. So this is my take on Simon's return to the Shadow World after CoHF. What if Izzy, Clary and Magnus hadn't confronted him that day? Spoilers for CoHF, obviously, chapter 1 of a twoshot, and hope you enjoy!**

**;)\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: All Cassie Clare's. Not mine. \*\***

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><p>He couldn't remember. When he first woke up in bed after what seemed to be either a long night or a terrifying dream, he couldn't remember. Anything.<p>

Everything was hazy; not just his glasses-less vision. There were vast cliffs of past, present and future in the crevices of his mind, and they should have been jagged and harsh and clear, but they were tinted with mist and all blurred to the same colors, a soft bluish gray. All the fine edges were lost, as if someone had taken a giant paintbrush and swirled it through the air, darkeningâ€”

And he remembered. But not a full memory, not a scene, not even a person or a place. It was only a shard, a fragment, broken off from some larger bit.

Just a particular shade of red, clouds of it filling his vision and just the slightest whisper of citrus accompanying it. Somehow he got the impression that it was hair, but of course that was a ridiculous thought because no one could possibly have red hair that bright; it was a clear impossibility.

It swung tantalizingly in front of him; crystal-clear on a horizon far away.

But then his sister was calling up from the stairs, irritation clear in her voice, and he could smell the extraordinarily \_normal \_smell of eggs and toast wafting into his room, and the red was erased from his mind in a second.

There was nothing wrong after all. He couldn't even remember what was wrong, he told himself firmly.

He was just Simon Lewis; an ordinary, mundane, high school student who had just pulled a late-nighter for that calculus exam and had a crazy dream.

\* \* \*

><p>Apparently Simon had either gone crazy or he had actually not been studying for calculus last night after all. Because during third period, when his teacher had announced the exam, he had remembered absolutely nothing. <em>Again. <em>Absolutely nothing about calculus, anyway.

Images kept on flashing into his mind at the oddest intervals. Frantically trying to dig up something about tangent lines and derivatives, he would see spires of gleaming silver against a ghastly scarlet sky, the blood red color illuminating the glass city underneath it.

There were the same two girls in his mind, over and over; one with jewel-bright eyes and the other with endless hair spun of the blackest darkness.

It was mostly the second girl, everywhere, surrounding him, speaking, blinking, just there.

Silver lightning flashing out from her hand. A ruby pendant pulsing at her throat. Dark ink curling around her arms, her collarbone, the side of her neck. Her eyelashes brushing against his skin. Monsters

in the shadows of an abandoned building. The taste of coppery blood in his mouth.

Ok, that was \_enough. \_What kind of dream had he had? He wasn't going to think about whoever that girl was, he needed to focus on this test and at least scrape a good enough grade to get his mother off his back.

Simon picked up his pencil and stared down hard at the paper.

\_Question 3. A cup of coffee that is 185 degrees Fahrenheit is served to you in a room that is 65 degrees. After two minutes, the temperature of the coffee has dropped toâ€”\_

Honestly, who cared about this stuff anyway? Like anyone would bother to figure out the exact temperature of a cup of coffee in a room.

At the mention of coffee, his stomach growled, his brain screamed, and Simon was acutely aware that he would need to snatch a latte from Java Jones during the tiny slip of time they called lunch break if he were going to get through this day without losing his sanity. And possibly hallucinating more images of imaginary girls.

"This your five minute warning," called out his teacher. "Make sure that your name and class are at the top of the paper, otherwise you will lose marks for that."

\_No. \_He needed to focus. How had he wasted an entire period like this, imagining cities of glass and wildly mythological demon-type creatures? He hadn't finished a single problem; he had half-heartedly started a few, then scratched them out with black ink.

Black. An old line of poetry came to his head, something maybe his mother had read to him when he was younger. \_Black for hunting through the night. \_

And there was that girl again. Her face was the only bright thing in the darkness of another world where demons crawled towards them. Waitâ€”| What? Demons? Seriously, what had he done last night?

"Two minutes," the teacher's voice floated through the air.

Simon groaned. Maybe he could cram a few questions in two minutes, hand it in and blame it on his long night or other homework or some excuse of that type. Back to that coffee question, then.

\* \* \*

><p>"How was calc?" His fellow band member Kirk was frantically reviewing notes at the lunch table, a pencil stuck into his curly hair. "Was it hard? Do we have to knowâ€”" He rattled off into a long list of mathematical terms that Simon couldn't even begin to follow.<p>

He cut him off quickly. His head had started pounding. "It was fine, you'll pass. I hope I did okay." Of course, Simon knew he didn't do okay. Unless the world suddenly came to an end and the teacher forgot his grade for this test, it would bring down his GPAâ€”| by a lot. And that wasn't even factoring in future calculus tests.

"You all right?" Kirk asked, looking up very briefly from his work.

"Long night," Simon shrugged. "Look, I'm going to stop by Java Jones and get a coffee. I'll see you in bio after lunch."

"But you haven't had any lunch yetâ€" Kirk was cut off by Matt's arrival; who plunked down a tray noisily and sighed through his nose at the calculus papers on the table.

It was too noisy, too crowded in the lunchroom for Simon's already exhausted brain. "It's fine, I really need a giant double latte right now." He swung on his backpack and left before anyone could try to detain him.

\* \* \*

><p>The waitress brought him a mocha latte with a full two inches of foam on top as Simon booted up his laptop. He had only meant to come here to buy something that would soothe his caffeine-crazed brain, but he liked the quiet of the cafe, the sense that it was normal in all the ways that it could be; the sense that <em>he <em>was normal, and he ended up staying for the rest of the period.

\_Dreams and memories. \_He typed into the Google search bar. Nope, nope, nothing. There were a few psychology articles and definitions and other medical stuff he didn't want to read through. Psychology was his worst subject at school anyway.

It was probably only a dream. Some weird dream about fighting monsters and demons with thisâ€| dark-haired beauty he had never seen in his life? Yes, that was the best explanation. He rarely could remember more than half of his dreams anyway.

But if it were a dream, why was it so vivid, so real?

\* \* \*

><p>His phone beeped out a text message as soon as he turned it on at home. It was from his band members.<p>

\_5:40 pm today. \_

\_you didn't show for practice! we had to finalize w/out you. \_

He had forgotten about the practice. They scheduled practices every Tuesday after school, for ninety minutes.

Simon quickly typed out an apology, making an excuse about not feeling well and having a dead phone without a charger.

He sighed, throwing the phone back onto his desk. If this was the way his life was going to go from now onâ€|

Collapsing onto the bed, he was asleep and dreaming before he knew it.

\* \* \*

><p>Simon wasn't entirely surprised to see a red 12% at the top of his calculus test the following week, scarlet decorating the entire two pages. At least he had gotten <em>some <em>marks for attempting the questions.

In his midterm report, his mathematics mark was the lowest grade he'd ever gotten since elementary.

\* \* \*

><p>For the rest of the year, as seasons changed and the weather grew warmer, then colder, Simon threw himself into school and exams and the endless parade of band practices every week. It was junior year and there was no time for slipups and distractions.<p>

Whatever he did, he wasn't going to think about whatever that stupid dream was. It was a silly thing, a childish thing.

But he did, anyway. It was just that he remembered too little and had forgotten too much.

\* \* \*

><p>She bolted upright in her bed with the feeling that something was horribly, horribly wrong. Her hand instinctively lashed out with her whip, cracking around the room before she realized she was alone.<p>

And that was the most terrible thing of all. She was alone. Alone, and Simon was gone, and he had taken something out of her as he left.

She didn't know why she kept on thinking about that stupid vampire. No, she corrected herself. He was a mundane now. He wasn't part of her world anymore.

He had been gone for a year now. Exactly a year, and he wasn't coming back. And yet she still hadn't been able to forget.

She didn't know why she couldn't. She wore heels and shattered hearts and did what she wanted. And yet, this boy who had been barely more than a mundane to her had come into her world and all of a sudden, there was a strange, sweet feeling that was love inside her and she didn't know what to do about it, for the first time in her life.

\* \* \*

><p>When she walked into the kitchen that morning, Jace was examining a pair of seraph blades and Clary was dressed in gear, her hands cupped around a mug of coffee that was half milk and quarter sugar. Isabelle winced, remembering how Simon used to drag her sometimes to a Downworlder bar where they had lattes specially made for vampires. It seemed like the world was determined to rub everything about him in her face.<p>

"What's going on?" She raised her eyebrows. Gear meant training or fighting, and she knew for a fact that Jace and Clary weren't planning to train today.

"Shax demons in the subway tunnels," Clary's reply was muffled by a yawn. "You don't have to come, Iz, Alec's meeting us in half an hour. It's just a routine sweep."

"I'm coming. I'll go get changed now." If the world was going to rub it in her face, Isabelle was going to make sure it was going to do it her way. "Why isn't Alec here already? What's so important that he's being held up by half an hour?"

Clary shifted in her seat. "He's at Magnus' and neither of them will hold a conversation with us for more than five seconds over the phone. Magnus already threatened to blow off Jace's eyebrows if he called again."

Jace smirked carelessly. "I'm not risking my eyebrows for my stupid brother and his stupid boyfriendâ€œ"

"Oh, please, we all know you absolutely love your eyebrows," Isabelle rolled her eyes and grabbed a pre-toasted raisin bagel off the counter, feeling just a bit better. "What is Alec doing at Magnus' anyway?"

"Sucking face on the couch, maybe?" Jace's smirk grew even wider.

Isabelle choked on the bagel she was downing and hurled a fork at Jace. "Too much information, really. There's a reason I try to stay out of my siblings' love lives." Jace whipped out the seraph blade he was holding, slicing the fork cleanly in half.

"None of this changes the fact that there are Shax demons in the area." Clary interrupted pointedly, blushing slightly as Izzy flicked her eyes meaningfully between her and Jace. "I'm thinking we should go?"

Jace ruffled her hair patronizingly as if she were a child, and Clary punched him in the arm, mocking hurt. It was good to be surrounded by them, surrounded by the banter and familiarity but somehow it only served to underline the missing part.

\* \* \*

><p>Isabelle Lightwood was entirely scarlet red and jet black with a hint of makeup added in between. She was a heartbreaker, and she did not give away her own for anything or anyone.<p>

She had watched her brothers give their hearts away like nothing; like it came as easily as breathing, as if their hearts were not fine glass that could crack and break and be lost beyond repair.

She had watched as Jace tossed his to Clary on a careless whim; as Clary extended hers; as Sebastian snatched both from their hands; as he dropped them with a wink and a smile. As fate smiled and luck turned and cracks mended.

She had watched as Alec drew his out carefully, slowly; as he fell in too deep and too hard; as Magnus squeezed just a little too much; as it broke along all of its deepest fault lines like porcelain falling from a mantelpiece. As Magnus scrabbled for the pieces and cut himself along the way and they healed back together.

And watching them give and break and heal and break again, she had wanted to scream at the ones who had done it, that it wasn't theirs to break; at her siblings, that they should have known better than this.

She had shaken her head and vowed to never do that, because the consequences of love were too harsh, too much of a price to pay for something that never lasted long.

She was a heartbreaker, and she did not give away her own for anything or anyone.

\* \* \*

><p>The subway tunnels were dark and damp and the only light came from their runestones and seraph blades, glowing with angelic magic.<p>

The four of them crept under the worn gray stones, graffitied with orange and yellow and the occasional flashes of blue. Jace and Alec stepped carefully together in flawless sync, scouting and defending in a way that only years of combat training and instinct could have perfected.

Isabelle cracked her whip nervously, the noise reverberating around the narrow space, glaring back at Alec's scowl. It wasn't the best time to be hunting anyway; dawn and twilight gave them the most advantages down in the tunnels, and her unease about Simon wasn't helping her focus, either.

She checked the ruby pendant at her throat, but it remained dark and still as always.

\* \* \*

><p>The only warning they had before an entire pack of Shax were on them was a single flash of Isabelle's necklace. Her warning cry came too late, and the demons were already dropping down from above.<p>

Isabelle snatched up a pair of twin stiletto blades from where they were strapped to her leg and hurled them spinning at a demon trying to claw Clary's eyes out. She winced as one of them missed, impaling the wall behind instead. She was going to have to work on her knife-throwing.

She flicked out a wrist, sending gold electrum slicing across a demon's arm and then whirling to its throat, tightening around it in a matter of seconds. She kicked out at another one, stabbing through a joint where one of its legs connected with its body. The severed leg skittered across the floor as she slashed out in a full circle around her, disemboweling anything within two meters.

Two Shax demons leaped on her from above with screeches, their legs scraping against the skin of her arms and drawing blood.

"You guys seriously never stop, do you?" Isabelle muttered, yanking the whip hard, palming another blade. Both demons vanished into dust, although a mess of dismembered limbs writhed around her and ichor

stung the cuts on her body.

She examined the long scratches on the side of her arms; the deepest ran from her forearm to just above her elbow and was dripping blood onto the floor already. The iratze she had drawn beforehand burned on her collarbone as it worked to heal it.

Clary threw her seraph blade at the last remaining Shax, knocking it over right into range of Alec's broadsword.

Jace broke the silence. "What a great start to a morning. Battling Shax demons that theoretically do not have brains and yet still are able to ambush us in the middle of nowhere." He gestured wildly with his stele. "Well, at least we're all woken up now." An eyeroll followed. He sketched out a collection of scrambled, messy runes onto his right forearm, hissing quietly as his hand jerked off the path and into a jagged slash, courtesy of the demons.

"Give that here, you won't be able to heal anything with that kind of runework." Alec pushed the stele aside and began drawing out his own runes on the side of Jace's throat.

Clary was relatively unscathed, but she joined them with a stele in hand anyway.

Isabelle could see the way Jace carefully drew an iratze on her arm, in a way that he rarely treated himself. Red hair swayed closer to golden and each line was painstakingly deliberate. The look of absolute concern and fierce protectiveness on his face, so guarded usually, was something so private that she backed away, leaving them together. A twinge of jealousy shot through her, sudden and swift and bitter.

It was after she had reached the Institute that she realized she wasn't jealous of them, she was simply jealous of what they shared. What she had lost.

\* \* \*

><p>For the rest of the year, as seasons changed and the weather grew colder, then warmer, Isabelle pushed herself harder into Shadowhunting; fighting and training and sparring with Clary, target practice with her brothers. She laughed too little and dressed up too much and just crossed the line between bravery and carelessness.<p>

Whatever she did, she wasn't going to think about what had happened. It was something that had happened many times before, something not worth tearing herself over.

But she did anyway. It was just that she forgot too little and had remembered too much.

\* \* \*

><p>There were two windows on the opposite ends of Brooklyn, one filled with light and the other shaded by darkness.<p>

You could see the silhouettes of a girl and boy at each of the windows, sharply outlined like fine photography.



But they never saw each other.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Ok, don't murder me, I swear this is going to have a happy ending. I'll be posting another chapter... in the next week, hopefully, but who knows? Anyway, I promise Sizzy will get the happy ending they deserve in that chapter. :) In return for that happy ending, why don't you drop me a review?\*\*

\*\*Cheers,\*\*

\*\*Moonlight and Ashes\*\*

End  
file.